

AVENGERS • X-MEN • ETERNALS

JUDGMENT DAY



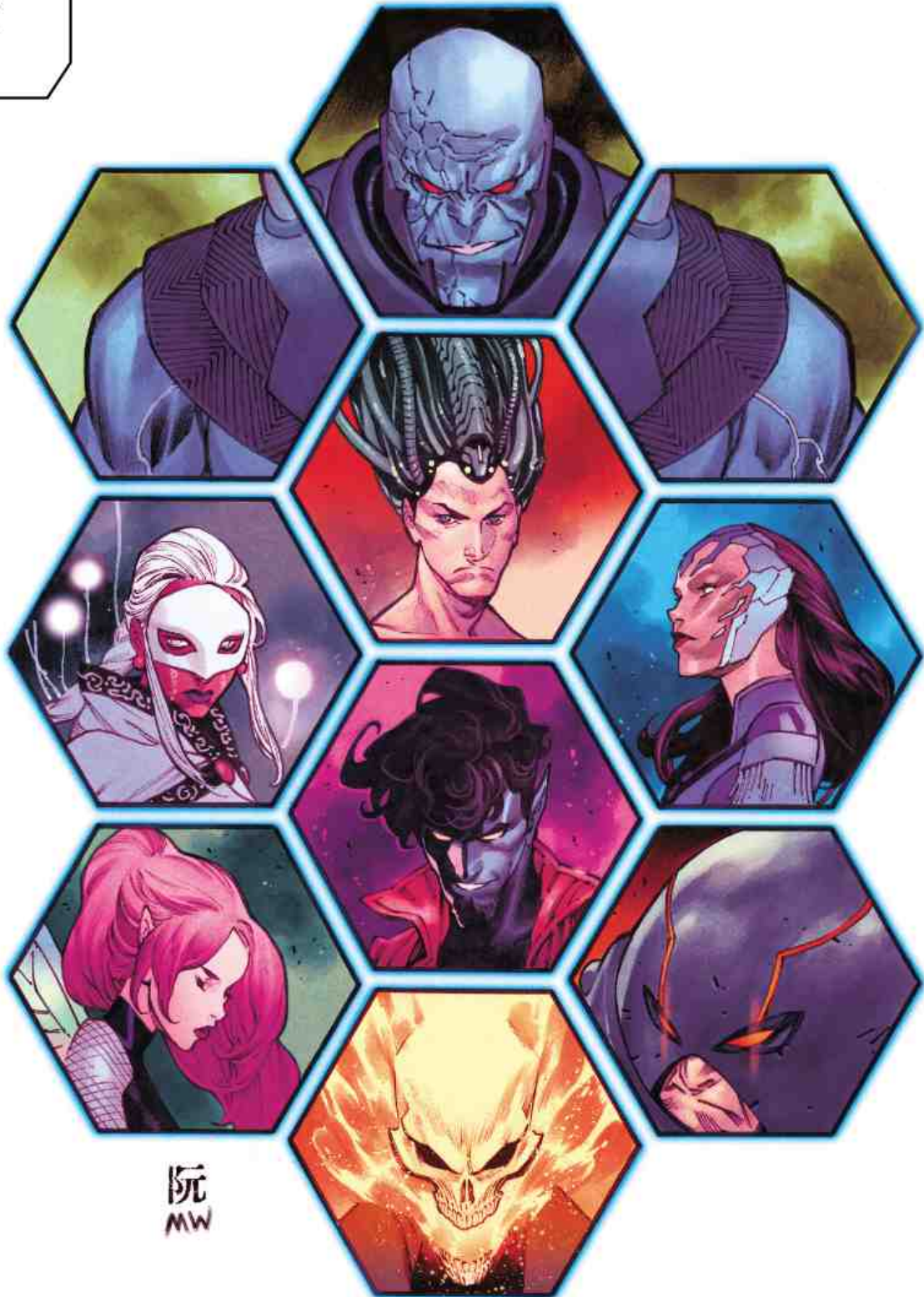
MARVEL

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006

SPURRIER
PIMENTEL
BLEE



阮
MW

Arakko (formerly Mars).
Olympus Mons summit.

Now.



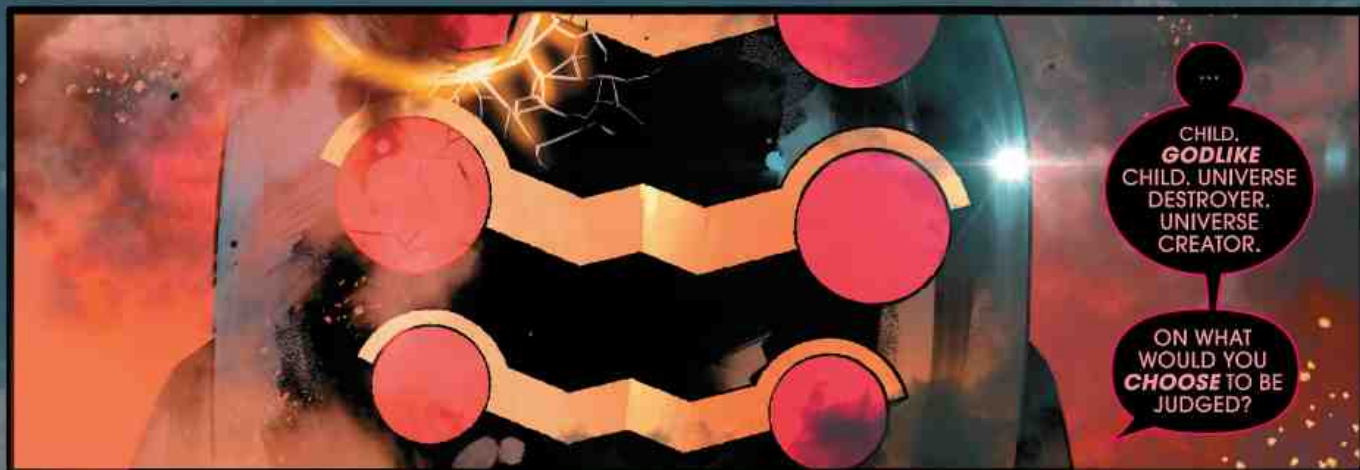
Ah.
I was
wondering
when you'd get
to me.

YOU
KNOW
ME?

Oh aye, vision in the smoke. You're the *Progenitor*.
Poppin' up in folks' minds like a
psychic fart.

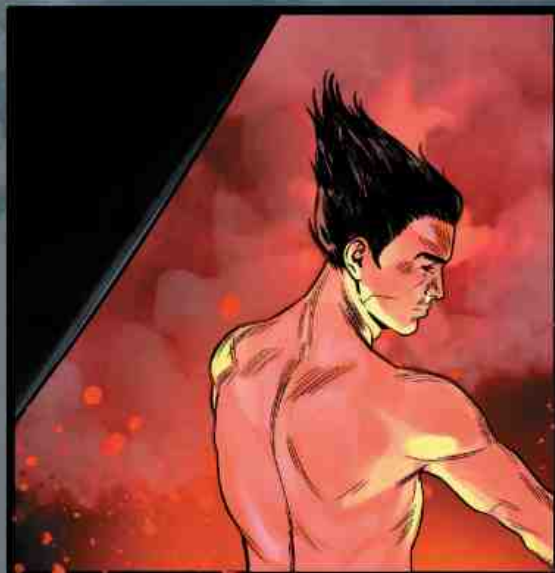
Deciding the
fate of humankind,
eh? Heh. Many have
tried.

So what's
my test, then?
What lazy wee
vignette will you
use to reduce my
worth to a thumbs-
up or thumbs-
down?



...
CHILD.
GODLIKE
CHILD. UNIVERSE
DESTROYER.
UNIVERSE
CREATOR.

ON WHAT
WOULD YOU
CHOOSE TO BE
JUDGED?



Tell you what. Help me settle
an argument I'm havin' with
myself. One of those "did
I do the right thing?"
jobbies.

The way
it began?
Ach. The way
it began
was--

Then.

"--with *geometric*
thunder in a
crimson sky."

"Now...*Uranos* was
a creator too, in his
way--although everything
he made was tooled for
destruction."

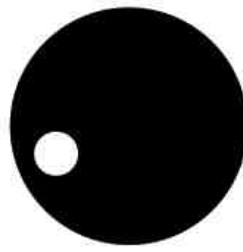
"Not a *god* but an *artisan*. An
Eternal machinist, mandated
to *cleanse* our garden world on
some...*och*...*crappy pretext*."

Excessive
deviation.

"An *abominable*
instrument--that's
him. And in turn, he
brought *his* wee
toys. His *engines*
of *wrath*."

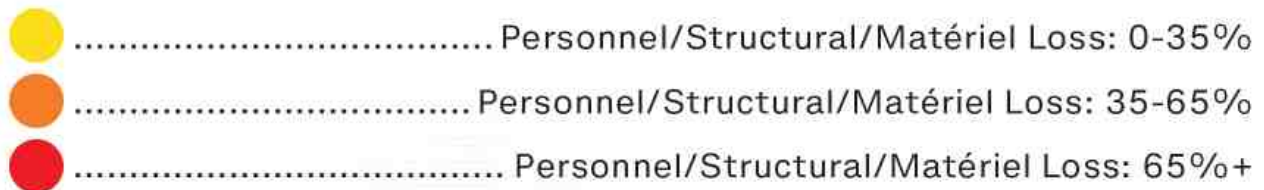
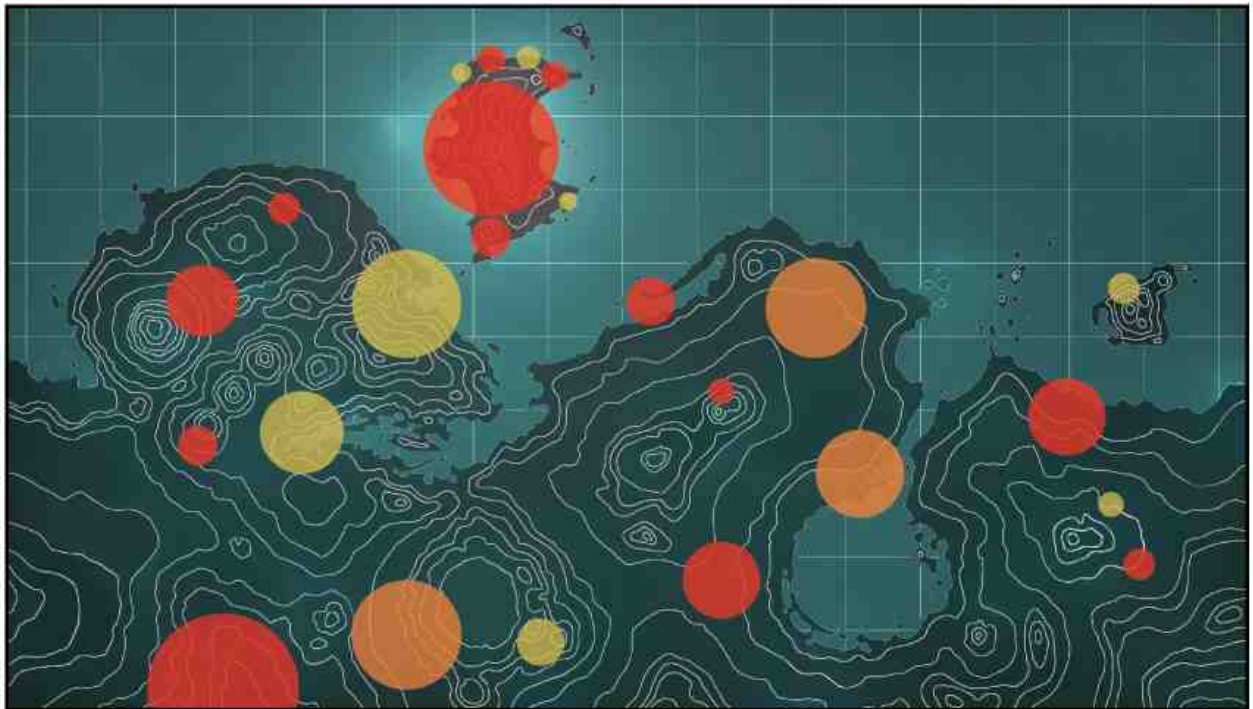
"He had *one hour* to
restore the fertile plains
of Mars to *redness* and
dust--and he *did* it.
There's no *suspense* here.
No *mystery*. Countless
people died."

"He won."



THIS BROKEN LAND.

**MILITARY/STRATEGIC OVERVIEW FOLLOWING
HOUR-LONG ASSAULT BY URANOS.**



**THE BODIES ARE COUNTED.
THE RUINS ARE SURVEYED.**

+

**CITIES MAY BE REBUILT.
WOUNDS OF THE FLESH MAY BE BOUND AND HEALED.
WOUNDS OF THE MIND MUST BE SHARED.**

+

LET THE SURVIVORS SPEAK THEIR STORIES.

LEGION OF X

JUDGMENT DAY

To forge a new type of justice fit for Krakoa, NIGHTCRAWLER has assembled a team of LEGIONNAIRES and built an HQ in THE ALTAR: a bubble-reality contained in the dreaming psyche of LEGION and adjacent to the Astral Plane.

The Eternals were created by the alien space gods known as the Celestials to protect the Earth and correct excess deviation -- a directive that has led them to launch an all-out assault against all mutantkind following the revelation of mutant resurrection. A small group of Eternals rebelled against their directive and joined the Avengers to transform the dead Celestial that housed the Avengers HQ into a new, living god: the Progenitor. But the Progenitor was no savior, instead announcing to everyone on Earth that within 24 hours, they will all be judged. And if found lacking...all will die!

And so judgments and war duel for our heroes' attention. Prime Eternal Druig sent Uranos the Undying to decimate Arakko with his great machines. Many are dead. This is the story of how Arakko survived... and a tribute to all who did not.

This issue is best experienced after reading A.X.E.: JUDGMENT DAY #1 and X-MEN RED #5-6.

LEGIONNAIRES:



[LEGION]



[NIGHTCRAWLER]



[VOX IGNIS]

GREAT RING



[STORM]



[MAGNETO]



[ISCA THE UNBEATEN]



[SOBUNAR III]



ETERNALS:



[URANOS THE UNDYING]

OF ARAKKO:



[LODUS LOGOS]



[XILO]



[LACTUCA THE KNOWER]



[ORA SERRATA THE WITNESS]

"Holding the Line"



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"Now...my pal *Nightcrawler*--you know him, aye?--he was up to his neck in it when the big bugger arrived.

"See, one of the *Arakkii VIPs*--*Isca*--it's her power to always be on the winning team.

"Nice idea, right? When danger's comin', you just keep her on your side. Only problem is--

"--she doesn't get to *choose*.

You--you killed *Idyll*! He was your ally! How could y--?

Today, Arakko falls. I do not.

"Lucky for everyone, Kurt's a reckless bugger--and awful fond of self-sacrifice.

Isca. I formally challenge you to combat. Y-you must fight or yield, ja?

"I bet he passed your Who's-a-Goody test, eh?

Foolish.

Wait!

I-it is the custom of my people to *shake hands* before a duel. Surely you cannot be *bested* in matters of *etiquette*?

Hmph.

Obviously I cannot.

You sneaky wretch!

AAAA
AH!

15km west of
Arakko Prime.

I submit! You win!
Ow. Ow. I yield with
honor! I yield!

You yie--?
But--you can't
just drag me
out here and
then--

Sorry,
got to dash!
Congratulations!
Good job!

Such win!
Wow!

RAM

"Turns out Isca
the Unbeaten *did*
take a fall that
day after all.

@!%&!

"Not that it did much *good*, I suppose. In the
minute since Uranos had arrived, thousands
were eradicated by his *machines*.

"While I...? I did
what I hadn't
done for--och--
for years.

"I roused
myself for
war.



"Listen...there's a point past
which *words* don't work. It is
the sphere of the *ineffable*.
The *unimaginable*.

"It is where my
powers lie.

"And it's
there that
the engineer
of those--
things--gets
his *ingenuity*.

"The
beyond.

"*Drones* of liquid
music. Photonic
colossi, bending
space. Radiation
elementals.

"*Horrors* of
mechanism and
math, alive with
all the craft of a
transcendent
toy maker.

"I was just
dyin' to
meet him.

Outside.

Hm.
Yes. Of course.

Wouldn't want to break the furniture.

"Macho bollocks, eh? Same for drunken brawls as cosmic-tier carnage.

"Still. If I'd hoped the *swagger* would distract him--maybe get the *machines* to take a *breather*--no such luck.

"The *Outcast Gate* was a sleepy wee shanty on the slopes of Olympus Mons, a place for *Krakoans* who didn't feel at home in tropical paradise.

"It took three minutes for an eel made of fractal embers to erase it, although--worth sayin'--the beastie had less success with the residents.

"Blue salvation was at hand.

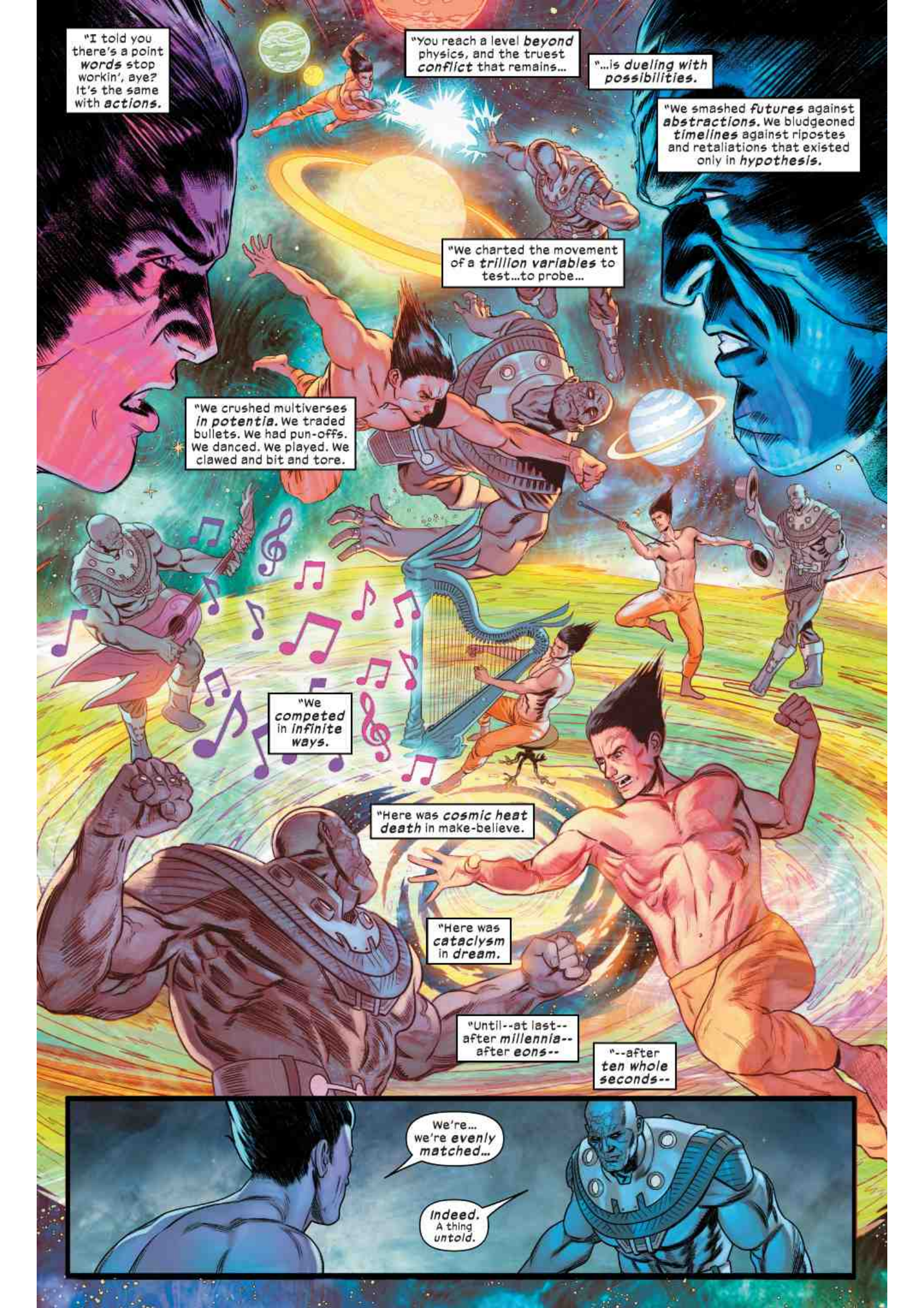
"Time. That's what I was playin' for. Keeping the puppeteer busy while Kurt rescued bodies. Tryin' not to get distracted watchin' him work.

"And feeding him power from afar. Just a little. Just what I could spare. To stretch his range. To keep him goin'.

So, then.

"How d'you kick off somethin' like that, eh? No word of a lie, I nearly said 'come at me, bro' just to break the silence.

"Instead... we just *stared*. Until I realized--of course--that's all it'd take.



"I told you there's a point **words** stop workin', aye? It's the same with **actions**.

"You reach a level **beyond** physics, and the truest **conflict** that remains...

"...is dueling with **possibilities**.

"We smashed **futures** against **abstractions**. We bludgeoned **timelines** against ripostes and retaliations that existed only in **hypothesis**.

"We charted the movement of a **trillion variables** to test...to probe...

"We crushed multiverses **in potentia**. We traded bullets. We had pun-offs. We danced. We played. We clawed and bit and tore.

"We competed in **infinite ways**.

"Here was **cosmic heat death** in make-believe.

"Here was **cataclysm** in dream.

"Until--at last--after **millennia**--after **eons**--

"--after **ten whole seconds**--

We're... we're **evenly matched**...

Indeed.
A thing untold.



Tell me:
Do you know what
that *means*, boy?
Have you thought
it through?

"Thinking--*that's* a laugh. At
this point, honestly? Any of my
brain that *wasn't* humming
with *self-doubt* was occupied
with...*stranger* challenges...

"For instance: *Port Prometheus*
was busy gettin' its *arse* handed
to it by a *singularity* tunneler.

"And my poor, *impossible*,
goody-two-shoes *pal* was
busy murdering himself on
behalf of *strangers*.



H-hold
hands! All hold
hands!



N-r-r-r-r!

"Now...he hadn't technically *asked* if he could use the
bubble reality inside my brain as a *lifeboat*, but--eh.



BAAAAAMF

"I *probably*
would've said *yes*.

"Even if--I admit
it--keeping him
powered up like
that *was* a tad...
distracting.



If we
do this,
boy--if we make
real these
visions--

Aye, I
know. We both
die.

No. Oh,
no, no, no.
Not *that*.



If we unleash all that we *are* upon each other...it will *undo* us. You understand?

Unmade. Lost from memory. From time itself.

B-been there, done that.

Yes. Hah. But...you didn't have then what you have now.

Not the *girl*, fool. The *people*. The *respect* of those who *need* you. Even...ah...

...the hopes of a leader's crown...

I-if you mean *Ruth*, she's been thr--

Agh!

"It was about *here* when Nightcrawler dropped the ball.

"Tried to rescue a battalion of Arakkii warriors without stopping to ask their permission. Terrible insult, that.

"Two bugged-up arms. Evacuation efforts *seriously* impacted--

"--and *I* was in his head when it happened...

Nnf...

Dying for the greater good...? That is *nothing*. But... I wonder...

Would you die for your people as they are *now*? Before you've had the chance to *guide* them... to *sculpt* them... to *save* them?

Would you die for your father's people?



"Clever. *Clever* bastard. He *felt* the hesitation. The resentment. The *guilt*. The *baggage*...

Ah. Of course. Of course.

You know, boy, I have had many *sons* of my own, by blood or by oath.



They were disappointments too.



You basta--



HKKK!

"Concentration slip. Too easy."



Same old me, eh? Distracted. Damaged. Unfocused.

Useless.

And--y'know the worst part? There in the *sky*, while he started to *unpick me* from the world, *atom by atom*--

--all I could think was--



YAAAAA!

"--I wish Dad was here to see this.



Return to your rampage, machinist. You will *not* kill the boy.

He is under the protection of a *higher* power.

BOMF

Who dares--?



Wh-who're--?

Unimportant.

We're on yer *side*, pal, that's what matters.



That voice... you sound like... *Banshee*?

L-look, whoever you are, get *offa* me! I have to go *back*! I have to--

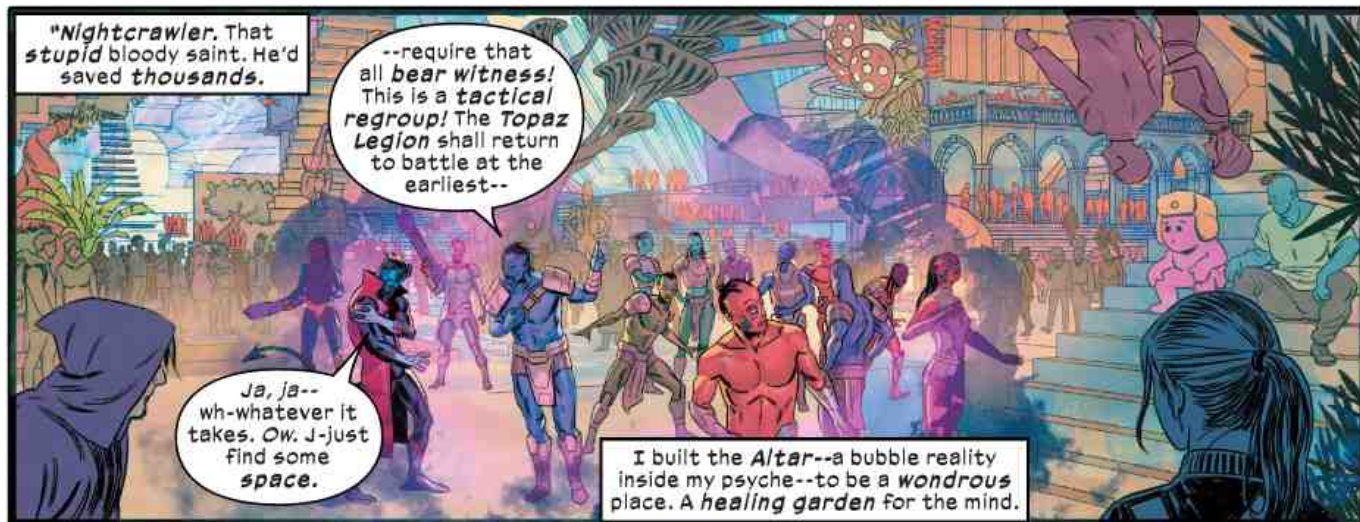
No.



There'll be no *dyin'* today, lad.

Today, you must be *greater* than yourself. Look *inward*, child. *See* for yourself.

You are needed...to *lead*.





"Clumsy
work. slow
work."

"Expanding my private universe.
Pouring *physics* into the
empyrean. Clawing more *reality*
as a gift to terrified souls."

"Lighting *fires* to drive
off the *wolves*...bearing
clubs and *spears* to
down the *hungry bears*..."

"...and *healing*.
Healing above *all*, in
body and *breast*
and *brain*."

"This is what I wanted.
Leading. *Caring*. *Puttin'* in
the hard work. Being--being
better than...hh. Than *him*."

"Than *Dad*."

"I have no idea how
long it took. *Hours*.
Days? But...I won't
lie...*loooooong* before
it was over--"



"--I was itching
for *blood*."

"His or
mine."

"The *Gate*...
it's *dead*! How can
we return to battle?!
What *trickery*
is this?!"



"Uranos destroyed it, that's what. Petty wee bastard."

"Och, it wasn't a big problem--not in the long run--there's a second gate in the works on Krakoa already."

"Still: No big fight back. No revenge for the massacred of Arakko."



"Just me."

URANOS!
Where are you, y'numpty?

COME AND HAVE A GO IF YEH THINK YER HARD ENOUGH!



Too bloody late, wasn't I?

He'd *already* bugged off. No heroic moment for me. No violent spectacle. And...ah...

...whatever guilty fantasies I might have held...



"...the martyr's crown was already claimed."



Magneto...?

David?
I thought you
were...



Good. *Good!*
Hh. This *changes*
things.

I-it has taken the combined
efforts of *all* the Great Ring
to hold off these machines,
but...they will keep *coming*
until their *creator* is
put down...

Stark--we
may *finally* have
a chance to regroup.
This *plan* of yours...
how long do
you need?



You're going
after Uranos?
I want to come
with y--

No.
This is too
important.



You mean...b-because
I'd only *fuck*
it up.

"The *unstable*
god. The liability who
can't be trusted. The
embarrassment to
his *bloodline*."

No. That's
not what I
mean.



When you
came to Krakoa, you
said you didn't *trust*
me. I was *not*
insulted.

Trust is
seeded in *example*
and watered by *time*.
We have the luxury
of *neither*.



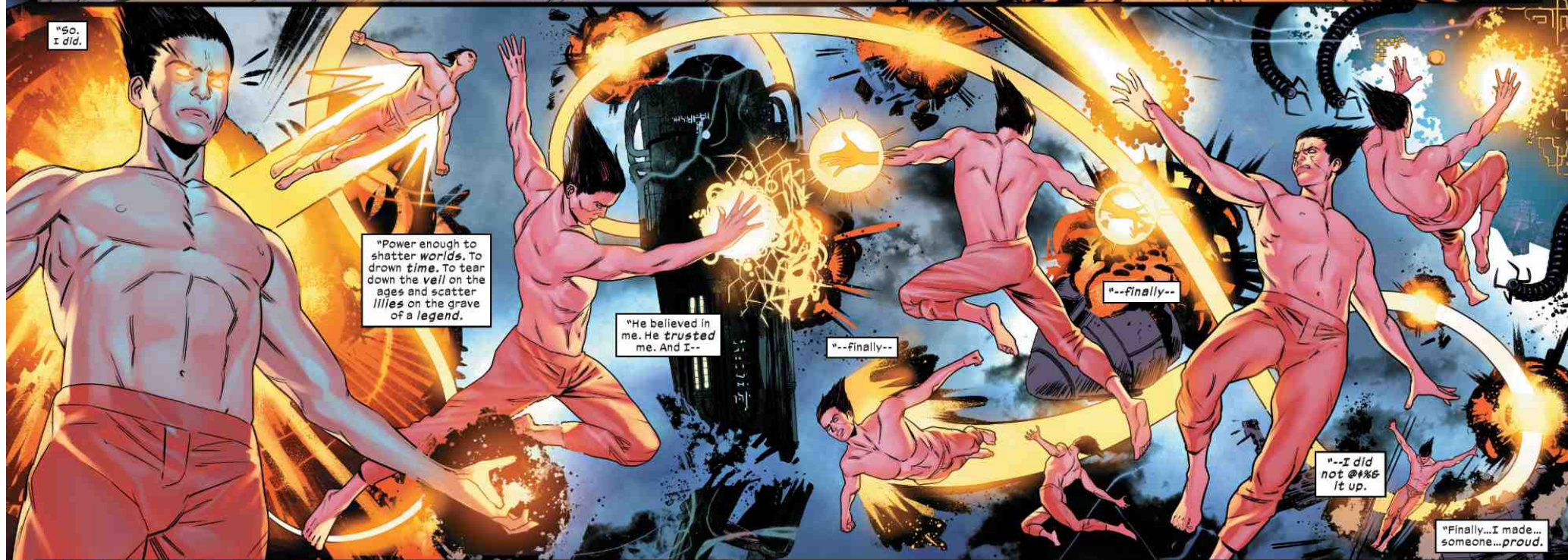
I need someone who can hold off these machines,
David. All of them. *All* at once. Across this
entire planet.

I need
someone who can do that
and survive. You *understand*?
There *must* be those who *fight*
and *live*--or why fight
at all?

And
so?



I trust
you.



[MAGNETO]
[WAS]
[RIGHT]



AND...?

And what d'you think, y'daftie? You're bloody omniscient, aren't you?



"Whenever the dust settles on all this, it'll be the whole production, y'know? Memorials, graffiti, T-shirts. Magneto Was Right, blah blah blah."

"No comin' back for him. He took an oath. No resurrection for members of the Great Ring. Matter of principle."



AND YOU AGITATE AT THE NOTION...IT COULD HAVE BEEN YOU?

Mm.

If I hadn't let that fiery bugger drag me off. If I hadn't gone to my people...



"But I did."

"And now I find that...a-as well as mourning the man like everyone else..."



...I envy the hero's death.



Snnf.
So, since
you asked...I
suppose I'm
wondering.

Is the
world a better
place with *him*
dead--and me
alive?



Did I
do the right
thing?



Huh. And
yet I'm not **reassured**
in the slightest. Funny that.



Oh, @!%& your judgment,
space boy. It's easy to
turn a thumb at someone's
choices, but--**living with**
'em? You'll **never**
understand that.

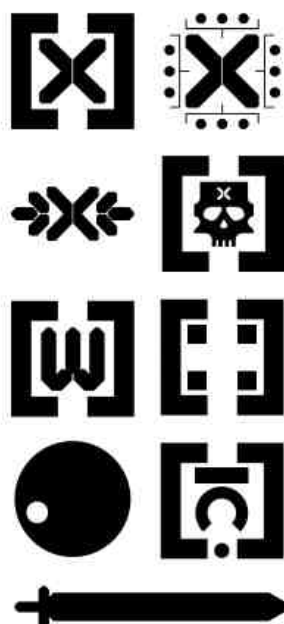
Piss off
and leave me alone,
eh? **He knew.**

**I rule
me.**

**He
knew.**

To Be Continued...

ic: NEXT



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